THE

Apparent Danger

OF AN

INVASION,

Briefly Repreſented in a Letter to a Miniſter of State.

By a Kentiſh Gentleman.

LONDON:

Printed, and ſold by *A. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-lane*, 1701.

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SIR,

THE present Posture of publick Affairs abroad has such a terrible Aspect upon the Liberties of *Europe* in general, that *France* will have no reason to wonder, if all the Princes and States of *Europe*, which are its Neighbours, shou'd take the Alarum at her late Conduct since the Treaty of *Reswick*. I'm sure 'twould be a very great Wonder with me, and Posterity too, if after so late and notorious a Violation of a solemn Treaty, we shou'd take her Word again, and trust to her Engagements, unless we can oblige her to perform 'em.

She has undoubtedly her Envoys and her Instruments in all Countries, *especially here*, who with great Artifice and subtle Insinuations, will tempt the Easie and the Ignorant by Colours and Pretences of her good meaning, that she has no further Design then maintaining the D. of *Anjou*'s Succession, and all her Neighbours that will own *Him* shall be, if they please, *Her Dear Friends and Confederates*.

But what wise Man can be found? Nay, one may venture to say, Where can you show me that Blockhead that has Brains little enough to believe her? And yet a *Frenchman* has so much Confidence in the Folly of all other Nations, and in his own Dexterity to play the Kn—, that with very great Assurance he obtrudes his Flattery, and expresses his Friendship and Esteem for you, when his own Conscience gives him the Lie, and he's carrying on a Design at the same time to cut your Throat.

Every Body knows 'twas but in *October* last that all the Courts of *Europe* were in show at least, earnestly sollicited to enter into the Treaty of Partition; and all the huffing and sneaking Arguments were us'd by your *Guis--ds* and your *Amel--ts* for Two or Three Months together, to prevail upon the *Italians* and *Germans*, great

and little, but in the midſt of all this Banter and Grimace, arrives an Expreſs with the K. of *S*'s Death and *A*—'s Succeſſion, and what part does my little *Franculus eſuriens* act upon ſo ſudden a Change?

Why, out he ſets as briskly as can be with a new Memorial, fawns and hectors *en Bon-Francoiſe*, deſires your Patience a little, while his Maſter, like a true Son of old *Eunius*, ſteals away half a Dozen Kingdoms and Dukedoms; and then promiſes (believe him if you dare) to be a very good Muſſelman.—— till the next Opportunity.

K——'s *Speech.* There's a certain very worthy Gentleman, and true *Engliſhman* too, who was aware of this, and gave us his Advice, in very honeſt terms, in the Year 98. but *Thrift* and *Diſtruſt*, Two wary *Devils*, oppos'd his Deſign; and what the Force of Foreigners, in 10 Years War could never do, the Folly of a few home born *Engliſhmen* effected in a trice; *viz.* ſubdued the Hero, and ridicul'd the Politician.

We choſe, at that time, rather to truſt our *good Neighbour* with a ſtanding Force of 150000 *Foreigners*, than, at the end of the War, ſuffer 10 or 20000 Swords and Muſquets to continue in the Hands of our *own Countrymen*, for fear, I ſuppoſe——

That Engliſhmen ſhou'd Engliſhmen ſubdue. I confeſs they have a pretty good Hand at betraying their Counrry; but for my part I was for truſting 'em at that time, and ever ſhall, before any Foreigners.

§. But our Fleet was diſarm'd, and our Land Forces reduc'd, from 84 to 7000 Men, that is full $\frac{11}{12}$ *s*. And when we had ſtripp'd our ſelves thus naked, and invited the *Aſſyrians* into our Land, you'll ask me how it came to paſs that we have not had a ſecond Invaſion from *Normany* or *Picardy*, and that the *French* have not, before this, taken up their Quarters within the Weekly Bills, and with our Friends at *Rocheſter* and *Sittingborn*. Why truly, I muſt tell you, not for want of good Will, and good Opportunity too, (we thank our Maſters) but they had other Game in chaſe; the lingring Sickneſs of the late King of *Sp*. put *Ver——les* in a conſtant Alarum every Poſt; for *Spain* and the *Indies* ever ſince 1660. were decreed for Uſurpation; and if your *Montalto*'s and *Portocarrero*'s had fail'd of their Treaſon, the *Ratio ultima Regum* was at hand; *viz.* a good Train of Artillery, and an 100000 Men. When this Morſel was ſwallow'd, 'twou'd be time enough to look after *England* and the out-skirts of *Europe*. Who in the mean time are to be huſh'd, if poſſible, with ſpecious Propoſals and Golden Mountains, till my little Maſter is well ſettled at *Madrid*: And then her Highneſs the Dutcheſs of *Burg--dy* will put in her Claim to the Crown of *Engl--d*, and we may defend the Proteſtant Heir or Poſſeſſor if we can, when her Grandfather has overrun *Italy* and the *Netherlands*, and taken Poſſeſſion of all the Ports in *Holland*. He has already made ſuch quick Approaches towards that unfortunate Country,

Country, that the People are in the higheſt Conſternation; and if we ſuffer 'em to be devour'd, the next ſtep he takes will be for *England*.

And he has ſo many and ſo conſiderable Reaſons to invade us at this very Juncture, that ſome Myſteries of State, undiſcoverable at preſent, or a mighty Infatuation alone can hinder him. The People on our Coaſts are ſo ſenſible of their defenceleſs Condition, eſpecially ſince the *Fr--ch* Troops entred ſo unexpectedly, and all at one Moment, into all the Frontier Towns in the *Sp. Fland--rs*, that they expect every Morning to hear they have put Garriſons into *Dover*, *Rye*, and *Shoreham*, and 'tis almoſt as eaſie and quick a Paſſage from *Calais*, and *Dunkirk*, to *Harwich*, *Dunwich*, and *Yarmouth*. The Paſſage between us and them is ſo ſhort, that Five or Six Hours is time enough to execute ſuch a Deſign in any part of *Kent*.

Julius Cæſar, who had but indifferent *Pilots*, and Veſſels that were ill Sailors, came over in a Night: And *William* the Conqueror croſs'd a wider part of the Channel; *viz.* from *Bologn* to *Pevenſey* in a few Hours, and both of 'em ſucceeded ſo well by the folly and diviſions of our Anceſtors, that it is our good luck if our Enemies don't take the advantage of our Preſent circumſtances, to make a tryal of our boaſted *Engliſh* valour, and ſee how many of the Fourteen Hundred Thouſand Names contained in the *Aſſociations* lodged in the *Tower of London*, dare ſhow their Faces in the Field againſt the Marſhal *de Bouf--rs* at the head of Twenty or Thirty Thouſand Veterans.

I pretend not to the skill of a Marſhal, and you don't miſtake me, I'm ſure, for a Conjurer in Affairs of State: And yet I'll venture to affirm, upon the little experience I have had in a Military Station, and a pretty long acquaintance with the humor of a People under a Panick Fear, that were I of the Intereſt and Religion, and in Pay of Monſieur at *Ver--les*, I ſhou'd no more queſtion the Succeſs of Invading *England* at this time, till about a Month or Six Weeks hence, than I do my meeting with you next Year at *Tunbridge-Wells* in the Seaſon.

And upon peril of my Head, I would undertake, as Old as I am, to Land with about Twenty Thouſand Foot, and Two Thouſand Dragoons on next Monday Morning in any part of *Kent*, or *Suſſex*, from *Dover* to *Chicheſter*, and with little or no oppoſition continue my March towards your Populous City, and Quarter my Troops in *London*, *Weſtminſter*, and *Southmark*, by Saturday next, ſo as to hear high Maſs on Sunday Morning at St. *Paul*'s, and Diſſolve your P----t the Monday following.

This

This you may think a little unlikely, and I wish it were morrally impossible; but I think I can make it appear a very feasible Enterprize. I will suppose then the Marshal *de Bouf---rs* at *Dunkirk*, or *Calais*, this very Saturday Night Embarquing his Men, and setting Sail at One or Two in the Morning with a fresh Gale at *East*, what shall hinder him from crossing the Channel in Five or Six Hours, but a Tempest, or a Fleet, in that very place? The first we cannot Expect, and the latter we have not ready, so that Land he will in spite of our Barks and our Fishermen of *Kent*. When his Troops are debarqued, we'll suppose they rest 'em one Day, and by that time it may be another Reinforcement Arrives; what now will hinder him from bending his March directly for *London*, and coming thither in the time before-mentioned, but a sufficient body of Men to meet him by the Way? And nothing but an equal Force will do, for the Battel of *Cressy* is long since forgotten, and the Name of an *Englishman*, I'll assure you, is no such Bugbear to a *Fr---n* at this time of Day.

But where are the Forces we should draw together? As for the *Dutch*, *Hannibal*, *is at their Gates*, and they can't spare a single *Battalion* and if they could Twenty, Monsieur *Bouf---rs* may March to *York* before they can all Embarque, for they don't lye ready Quartered in their Ports, as the *French* do in theirs. And for our handful of 7000 Standing Forces, if you fill all the Northern and Western Garrisons with our *Militia*, 'twill be a Fortnight at least before they can meet in a Body on *Hamstead-Heath*, which will be too late. And then for our *Militia* of *London* and *Westminster*, which may make a Body of Ten or Twelve Thousand Men, and can soonest Assemble themselves; do you imagine they'll March towards *Dover*, and with the assistance of a little Mob, Venture to give Battel to Disciplin'd Troops? If they should have so much Courage, and so little Discretion, I expect little more from such an Attempt, than what was done by Eight or Ten Thousand Club-men, who rose in the late Civil-War in the Counties of *Wilts*, *Somerset*, and *Dorset*, and were dispersed by half a Dozen Troops of the *Parliament-Horse*. The City Militia, I believe is our best; but what Discipline can Men have, who appear in Arms but once a Year, March into the Artillery-Ground, and there wisely spend the Day in Eating, Drinking, and Smoaking, in Storming half a Score Sir-loins of Beef, and Venison-Pasties, and having given their Officers a Volley or two, and like so many idle Boys with Snow-balls, fooll'd away a little Gun-powder, return Home again as Ignorant as they went out, and

as

as fit to Fight the *French* at *Black-Heath*, as one of our little *Yatchs* is to engage the *Brittania*.

And beside this, which I have not represented to the worst disadvantage, there are other prodigious difficulties that wou'd perplex us upon such an Invasion; we have so many *Catalins* and *Portocarero's* amongst us, that wou'd not fail to betray us, so many Religious Biggots that are bewitch'd with a tender Conscience for the right of Old *Pharaoh*, so many hardy Villains, and desperate Miscreants that are for Plunder and a prevailing Power; and so many lukewarm heartless Coxcombs, that will stand still to see themselves undone, or run away by the light of their own Houses; and so very few, whatever they pretend, that will stand by the King with their Lives and Fortunes, and Fight for their Religion, Laws, and Liberties; in short, We are so crumbled into Factions, Civil, and Religious, so debauch'd from the Old *English* Virtue and Valour, and so destitute of the true Love to our Country and real Principles of Honour, so ripe for a Civil War at Home, and so exposed to an Invasion from Abroad; that our Enemies are altogether infatuated, if they don't lay hold of this Opportunity, in a Week or two; and we are all utterly undone if they do, unless a Miracle be wrought to save us.

England is now the only Nation in *Europe*, that hath any remains of substantial Liberties; for Arbitrary Power, like a mighty Deluge, has in a manner over-spread the Face of the whole Earth, and is ready to break in upon us with an irresistable fury, unless we make ready to withstand it; *Holland* stands now expos'd to Military Execution, and so do the Counties of *Kent* and *Surrey*, who have between Forty and Fifty Thousand Men ready to Land upon 'em at a or Day two's warning from *Boulogne*, *Calais*, *Grevelingue*, *Dunkirk*, *Newport*, *and Ostend*, there's but a hair's breadth betwixt us and ruin.

We have been so long fitting our selves by our Vices and our Treachery for Conquest and Slavery, that I fear you have scarce Ten, 1000 Men left in City and Country, that have Spirit and Bravery enough to March to our assistance, whenever we have Occasion. You'll be sure to have as early Notice, as is possible, for our Fears makes us as Watchful, as we hope you are indefatigable to provide for our Security.

We cannot forget how the *French* Troops treated the Inhabitants of the Palatinate in 1688, when they intirely ruined a Country on both sides the *Rhine* as large as *Kent* and *Sussex*, burnt down to the ground above Two Hundred Bourghs, and the Three Famous and Populous Cities of *Worms*, *Spires*, and *Heidleburg*, put the People to the Sword in divers Towns, and spared not the Popish Temples and Cathedrals, and this without Provocation from the

People

People or their Prince. What sort of usage think you then may we expect at *Dover* and *Winchelsea*, &c. and you too in *London*, who are *Englishmen*, Rebels, and Hereticks, as bad as we. Our Enemies have a particular Eye upon your Factious City, and the Wealth of the *Bank* and *Lombard-street*, which the hungry Priests and Soldiers frequently talk of at *Calais*, and *Dunkirk*, with great indignation, but with some kind assurance of late, that *England* will shortly receive her Old Master and the Popish Religion agen.

Which I heartily wish may be prevented by the Wisdom and Prudence of the King and present Parliament.

Mo—ds, Feb. 14. 1700. I am, SIR,

FINIS.